The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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The Poet's Corner.

SUMMER.

Beside the path, where once together,
We wandered at the sunset hour—
I walk alone. The summer weather
Hangs sultry over leaf and flower.

You said that never more without me,
Would you, at eve, this pathway tread;
Vainly the cruel echoes flout me—
That time is o'er, that vision fled.

Down in the meadow screams the plover,
And all the buds of June are blown;
Alas, my love! the spring is over,
And with the spring thy love has flown.

Florence. MARY AYRAULT CRAIG.

NIL NISI VERITAS.

They talk amiss
Who would teach us this—
That folly is wisdom and ignorance bliss.

Better the truth,
Though it bring me ruth,
Than a lie as sweet as the dreams of youth.

Better to stand
In a lonely land,
My feet uncovered in its desert-sand,

Than to blindly go
Where cool streams flow,
And a serpent coils in the grasses low.

There was one I knew,
And he seemed so true,
With a heart so brave to dare and to do!

And a soul so clear
That, rejecting fear,
Mine lay at ease in an atmosphere

Of love secure,
And joy so pure,
I said, "For eternity this will endure!"

Yet there came a time
To my proud love's prime,
When that proved base I deemed sublime.

By the cool stream's bed
My flowers hung dead,
And the serpent, hissing, upreared its head!

Who sees laid low,
At a single blow,
The sweetest thing in his life, may know

What bitter ruth
For my heart, in sooth,
Was born of this naked, terrible truth.

Yet I hold it still
With a steadfast will,
To live deceived is a crueler ill.

And, though I stand
In a lonely land,
Afar from the touch of a tender hand,

Or a mouth to kiss—
It is better this,
Than to cling to a falsehood, and dream it bliss.

MARY E. BRADLEY.

Editorial Notes.

It is cheering to see the prominent men of the country, one by one, taking their stand in favor of woman's emancipation and enfranchisement. The recent speech of Senator Morton before the Alumni of the Indiana State University, is a cheering indication of the progress our cause is making among the ablest minds. The active advocacy of a few men like Senators Wilson, Morton, and Trumbull, would go far to secure the ballot to women within a single decade.

—The late William H. Burleigh once declared that his conversion to the woman's suffrage movement was due to the weakness of the arguments adduced by its opponents. Probably this is the reason that most of the intelligent readers of the opposition papers are deeply interested in, if not active sympathizers with, our cause. Their arguments are so powerfully weak that what they intend for attacks become actual advocacy. If our movement fails, it certainly will not be the fault of its opponents, who sometimes seem to do more for its success than its friends.

The *Saturday Review*, has not finished its series of attacks on women, though the recent articles on this prolific subject are rather stupid and hard to read. It thinks "these are bad times for women, and faith and courage are needed to steer them through the troubles that drive them to despairing, self-assertion." This admits that women have troubles. That is something. It confesses that these are bad times for women, which is more. It urges that women need faith and courage, which are noble qualities certainly; and if the bad times develop a corresponding faith and courage in women, their troubles will not be useless. And as for the self-assertion it is only necessary to point to the fact that no person has ever achieved anything or attained to any thing worth speaking of who has not roused out of a state of dreamy desire and summoned up all sentiments and energies of mind and soul for an earnest purpose. The man or the woman who has not reached the point of self-assertion, and dared to say "I" with an emphasis that drives it through whatever is undertaken and inspires confidence to the hearts, is of no sort of consequence to themselves or the world. If woman are to realize their destiny, or accomplish anything worth living for they must first of all things find and feel themselves; and out of the deep, self-respect which on occasion leaps into self-assertion will come all that is grand in achievement and commanding in character. These are troubleous times; but if they awaken our faith and courage and rouse us to a true self-assertion we shall have abundant reason to be grateful for our troubles.

—Mrs. Celia Burleigh has been engaged to supply the Unitarian pulpit at Brooklyn, Ct. where Samuel J. May was first settled, during the month of August. Last Sunday she preached at Unity Chapel, Harlem, with great acceptance, to a critical but highly appreciative congregation. Her dignified, graceful, and truly refined manner, and the rare ability and beautiful style of her thoughtful discourse, made the best possible impression on all who heard her. Those who know her best are unanimously of the opinion that she has peculiar qualifications for the Christian ministry. She has our best wishes for her success.

The *Tribune* does itself and our cause deep injustice by dealing with the views of individuals as though they were the common property of all advocates of woman's enfranchisement. Its criticism of Mrs. Davis was exceedingly unfair. It is an accepted canon of interpretation to explain the words of an author according to his or her evident meaning. No one has a right to strain sentences to their utmost tension for the sake of wringing a meaning out of them their writer never put into them, or interpolating ideas into them which their author never intended they should contain and convey. Mrs. Davis meaning was evident enough to the most casual reader of her letters. She did not advocate her love, as that phrase is ordinarily used, but the *Tribune* draws its own inferences from her words, and not content with visiting its critical wrath upon her head holds them up as the logical outcome and final result of the principles of the woman movement, than which a greater mistake or a more serious injustice could hardly be made. This movement, which culminates in woman's enfranchisement, is not in any way responsible for nor committed to the peculiar opinions of some of its advocates on social questions and theories, any more than the Republican party in its incipient stages was implicated in the eccentricities and extravagances of the Abolitionists, or than that party is compromised to-day by Mr. Greeley's peculiar opinions on the culture of turnips and the rotation of crops. When the advocates of woman's emancipation and enfranchisement commit themselves to the ideas associated with the phrase "free love," it will be time enough to hold them responsible for the social and moral consequences of these ideas; but until that time it is as unjust to insinuate that they are responsible for them or implicated in them as to accuse the Republican party of embezzlement because some of its members have absconded with government money, or of licentiousness because here and there a prominent individual in it disgraces his manhood. Gentlemen, the brilliancy of your black guardian does not change its essential quality.

LOCAL AGITATION.

There is too much of a disposition on the part of many warm friends of woman's enfranchisement to watch this movement, occasionally indulging in the luxury of a convention in one of the large cities, and applauding the words of its earnest advocates. These conventions are important, and those who attend them contribute something to the progress of the cause by giving them their personal presence and support. But this is not enough. There needs earnest, systematic, organized local agitation, to bring the issue directly to the attention of every woman,and every voter,too. And one of the most important services that can be rendered to the cause at the present time, is the organization of its friends in clubs, or associations in every village and town of the land.

It is needless to point out the vast amount of good that such a concentration of our diffused and inoperative strength would accomplish. It would bring together, into active sympathy and co-operation, great numbers of persons who are now but slightly acquainted and practically inactive. It would confirm the hesitating, convince the doubting, encourage the irresolute, and inspire the indifferent and sluggish with enthusiasm. It would collect the scattered sparks and coals into a centre where they would kindle each other, and create a fire, and radiate heat, and diffuse that warmth which is so much needed everywhere. Such a society in a village would bring the issue directly to the notice of everybody within its circuit; it would awaken discussion; it would circulate information; it would draw the lines; it would make converts; it would develop sympathy; it would do a vast deal toward preparing public opinion for the reform which is inevitable, and toward educating the women of our country for new responsibilities and trusts.

Such clubs might be very simple in constitution, and inexpensive in operation. In small villages and neighborhoods they might meet at the houses of members, thus saving the expense of a hall and adding to the social character of the gathering. They could have conversations, readings, essays, reports, discussions. They could devise ways and means for occasional public meetings and lectures; and after such meetings they can gather up the results by conversations with the people. They could circulate papers and documents of special interest and importance among those who otherwise would not see them. They could give body, direction, and influence to the movement, which would tell directly upon the minds and hearts of the people who make public opinion, and do the voting, while politicians palaver and declaimers gabble.

Reformers are apt to overlook the importance of these small local organizations. They are carried away with the enthusiasm of crowds. If they can address hundreds of people in a brilliantly lighted hall in some great city, they are in an ecstacy of delight, and imagine that they have done wonders. But, in reality, the little meetings in smaller villages and neighborhoods make more converts, and contribute more to the success of a movement, than the metropolitan demonstrations that attract so much attention for the time, and are forgotten almost as soon as they are over. These are the mountain springs, the brooklets, the rivers, which feed the reservoir that people look at as though it were a self-supplying fountain, and not a mere pool—a cause instead of a result. The anti-slavery reform won its first and its final victories in the district schoolhouses of the country, where eminent men and devoted women battled, hand to hand, for truth and justice, with prejudice and falsehood. The friends of woman's emancipation must learn the lesson of all successful agitation, and organize victory in every village and hamlet before we can witness the triumph of our cause in the nation.

COLLEGE FOR BOTH.

It is more than probable that Amherst College will shortly open its doors to all students on equal terms. Mr. Beecher favored the innovation with fitting words at the recent semi-centennial celebration, and his speech met with an unexpectedly favorable response.

Of course, the conservatives shrank from the proposal with ~~fear and trembling~~, and not even the reports of the successful introduction of women into Antioch and Michigan have been sufficient to take the shiver of anxiety out of their timid brains. But the reform is in accord with the whole spirit and movement of the best thought, sentiment and aspiration of the age. It is almost universally conceded that woman must have a thorough and complete education to fit her for usefulness and independence, and make her the suitable companion and helper of cultivated men, to say nothing of her need of culture for the development of her faculties and the enrichment of her nature. And the question naturally arises, how and where shall she receive this necessary education? It is beginning to be obvious to all parties that if men and women are to live together in homes, and meet together in society, and to work together in the world—the welfare of each depending on the harmony that results from common knowledge, sympathies, tastes, associations, sources of enjoyment and aims—they should be trained together in the same schools, instead of being trained apart in different schools. This is the common sense view of the matter.

It is not sex that is educated, but mind. And so long as colleges are established and managed for the discipline of intelligence, the communication of knowledge, the awakening of a love of truth that shall be quenchless as the mind in which it burns, there is no earthly reason why the mind of one sex should be educated in one institution and the mind of the other in another institution. The great instrument of education is truth; and the glory of truth is that it is one. There is no masculine mathematic, no feminine geology. The teachers most truly competent to instruct young men are the fitted to train young women also. The standing criticism on seminaries for young women is their want of thoroughness; and even cultivated women too often bear the suspicion of superficiality. Train both together in the same institutions and course of study, and this difficulty will be removed.

Students learn more from each other than from teachers or books. Their influence upon each other is subtle and vast. A dozen bright, diligent, ambitious boys improve the standing of a whole class, and communicate something of their own intellectual ardor to more sluggish minds. Habits are contagious. The college is a miniature world; and in no place and at no time of life is it so important that the sexes should be brought together in contact and competition, as at college in the receptive and formative period of youth. They would act upon each other as a constant restraint, encouragement and inspiration. Each would impart something that the other needs, and receive something that the other can supply. There will be a development of the taste, the refinement, the graces and sympathies and charities that are the richest treasures and loveliest ornaments of character when young men and women meet each other daily at recitations, and mingle freely in study and recreation under a judicious teacher's eye, well as the best culture of mind.

So let the doors open, and hasten the time when those who kneel together at a mother's knee and play together in the nursery and field, and together make the beauty and the joy of home, shall sit together upon the same form to receive the same deep, rich, thorough training for a life together in the walks and works of the world. So shall co-operation take the place of competition, harmony dissolve all discord, and sweet sympathies and amenities make antagonisms impossible.

WOMAN'S WITS.

Whether woman naturally possesses as much mind as man, is a question that we do not care to discuss. Her brain is smaller than that of man; but psychologists agree that intelligence depends less upon mere bulk of brain than upon its quality—the fineness of its fibre, the healthiness of it, the character of the temperaments, and the habits of body and of mind. The steelyards give the precedence to the masculine head; but the woman's greater activity, sensitiveness, and fineness of organization go far toward neutralizing the odd avoidupois, and balancing the scales. It is the old contest over again, of the club and the rapier; the one mighty to crush, the other as fatal to stab. The unlikeness of the two makes comparison difficult. Nimbleness and strength, understanding and intuition, logic and love—in contrast each superior to the other, in combination irresistible.

But however this question may be settled, the fact is indisputable that as the world goes to-day men are intellectually superior to women. They show more active intelligence. They have more trading capital of mind at their disposal. In school the girls are a match for the boys; and often they lead the boys in their studies. Most teachers report that the girls learn quicker, recite better, remember longer, as a whole, than the boys. When they graduate from the public schools they stand side by side, each a match for the other, promising to companion each other through the world. But there the intellectual companionship ends. The young man gains; the young woman oftener loses than holds her own. At middle life the man, full-orbed in thought, master of himself and his situation,gives the law and in thought settles all problems; the woman can still play the piano and guitar, entertain company with becoming grace, look after her children, and talk a little about novels, lectures, and the opera. He an oak; she a reed.

The reason why so few women are willing

to take an active interest in the great movement for the emancipation of their sex lies just here. The girl is a reformer, full of prophecy, hope, fore-looking, and fore-feeling; she lives in the to-morrow; and finds to-day stifling and intolerable The woman has lost her interest in sentiments and ideas; the hope is faded out of her soul; her aspiration has expired; she lives and moves and has her being in home, children, society, and fashion. She has no mind for great measures, for principles, for the amelioration of the world. Such things are too much for her, and to talk of them gives her the headache.

Does anyone ask the reason of this truly fearful decadence of mind on woman's part? Why is it that so many women lose their wits with their girlhood, and grow stupid as they grow old? Perhaps the lack of health and a strong, fully-developed body has something to do with it. But the main reason is that women have nothing expansive to think of, nothing ennobling to live for, nothing inspiring to awaken their latent enthusiasm and catch them up out of the cramping drudgeries and petty frivolities of their lot into a larger circle of ideas, and an atmosphere of more bracing sentiments and invigorating resolve. They are condemned to think of and care for and put themselves into pettinesses which fritter their faculties, take all the nobleness out of their hearts, and finally reduce them to the very lowest terms human nature is intellectually capable of. The young man has everything to live for; he can be what he chooses; the whole world is before him; every interest appeals to him; every measure concerns his welfare; he must think of the greatest things, wrestle with the mightiest problems, and forget himself in his enthusiasm for party, State, or Church.

However belittling his occupation, it stands in the very centre of the world, a boundless horizon around it, and all heaven overhead. The young woman has no interest but to look pretty, catch a husband, dress more splendidly than her neighbors, and keep up an establishment; she has no world; she sees no heaven beckoning her thoughts into its still infinitude only to expand her faculties and flood her being with its divinest light; she must live for nothing; and shutting herself into an exhausted receiver gasps for breath if she does intellectually expire.

Every lady knows that this is the plain and sober truth. There are women enough—splendid, brilliant, powerfully-minded women—among us to-day, who by their consummate and conceded ability show what women are capable of and ought to be. They refused to pass under the yoke and sell their minds for beaus, ribbons, jewelry, equipage. They kept alive their interest in intellectual themes and moral issues; and these things expanded and invigorated their intellectual powers. But women are told that such things are masculine and unwomanly; and little by little are beguiled into thinking of and living for things that are infinitely little, and that reduce whoever thinks of and lives for them to their own contracted dimensions.

What women want more than anything else, and more than they begin to comprehend, is a commanding interest in great, expansive, ennobling subjects and affairs. The mind must have something worthy of its own boundless capacities to work upon or it will enfeeble. The more it grapples with great problems, surges with interests of a public character, identifies itself with the life of the world, and forgets the affairs and pettinesses of its lot and circumstances in thinking mankind and reaching after truth, the more strength will it have, and the brighter and longer its light will burn. And it is just here that our movement makes its strong appeal. It proposes, not to take woman out of home and make her less domestic, and wifely, and motherly, but to open around her mind and heart a world of invigorating interests and inspiring ideas. It proposes to save woman's wits by giving them something to think of that shall keep them bright and increase their power. It means to thrust the greatest, the most engaging of all subjects—the one that has done more than any other to educate the mind and shape the character of men—directly upon the attention of every woman in the land, and thus compel her thoughts away from the belittling and destroying pettinesses of fashion and frivolity, and lead them captive to interests vast as the nation, and invigorating as justice. It is this which gives intellectual dignity and moral grandeur to our cause. For it is the emancipation of mind—the saving, the education of the intellect of one-half the race.

ALICE CARY.

Phœbe Cary has contributed an affectionate and fitting tribute to the memory of her sister Alice to the *Lady's Repository*. It tells the story of that simple, devoted, industrious life, breathed into music from a heart never free from pain and sorrow, so that one sees the whole, as in a panorama, from beginning to end. Were it not too long for our columns it would be gratefully reprinted; but we trust that most of our readers will be fortunate enough to see the whole article, which ought to be incorporated as, an introduction, in Alice Cary's works.

One thing strikes us in it; it is the modest reticence of the writer. She does not tell too much. She knows that every heart has its secrets, treasures that are not for other eyes; and wisely she passes before the shrines of her sister's inmostlife. She says of Alice, that guarded in her mortal life she ever felt any deeper and holier affection than that for her kindred, except in dreams of poesy, she rolled the stone over the mouth of its dead sepulchre and sealed it with everlasting silence. Among the things now hallowed by her use, there was not left a single relic which would reveal such secret. Not a picture, not a written line, not even a withered flower, to say she had loved or been beloved. And so, knowing there was one chamber in her heart kept by her always as a safe and sacred sanctuary, mine is surely not the hand to lift from it now the solemn and eternal curtain of the past."

"Though loving and prizing whatever is good and lovely here, and keeping firm and tender hold of the things that are seen, yet she always reached one hand to grasp the unseen and eternal. She believed that God is not far from any one of us, and that the sweet communion of friends who are only separated by the shadowy curtain of death might still remain unbroken. She writes:

> God's yea and nay
> Are not so far away,
> I said, but I can hear them when I please;
> Nor could I understand
> Their doubting faith, who only touch his hand
> Across the blind, bewildering centuries.
>
> Smile, who never had
> Your dead come back, but do not take from me
> The harmless comfort of my foolish dream,
> That these, our mortal eyes,
> Which outwardly reflect the earth and skies,
> Do introvert upon eternity."

So much from the sister. The abiding charm of Alice Cary's character and work was its consecrated sweetness, its simple, natural spirituality. She was good, pure, sympathetic, spiritually-minded; and these noble qualities, so rare that we call them divine, expressed themselves in all she said and sung. They gave tone to her melody, and to her simplest prose that indefinable magnetism which touches the heart of the reader because it came from that of the writer. There is in her writings no straining for effect, no artistic arrangement of epithets, no ambition to dazzle nor even to shine; but simply utterance, the bird-song of a heart whose tones were melodious because they came from a soul of music. And the lesson of her life to the women of America is that of the superiority of a true, noble, consecrated character to any adventitious possession or shining position. She shows how much better to be somebody than to be somewhere; to have a wealth of pure and beautiful and costly thoughts and affections than bankstock or a splendid establishment. It is not enough for woman to sacrifice. She must make herself a worthy sacrifice on the alter of humanity. The weed and the rose draw their support from the same soil and breathe their odor into the same air; the one is turned from in aversion, while the other is cherished as an ornament of beauty and crushed for its fragrant oil. The sacrifice of most women is counted cheap because they are cheap. When a woman makes herself beautiful with culture, sympathy, and a consecrated spirit, she gives men a new glimpse of the worth and possibilities of her sex, and what every woman should aspire to be.

The Massachusetts judges, who declared that woman could not serve as justices of peace under the Constitution, seem to have won an eternal weight of obloquy for a decision which expresses their own prejudice rather than anything written or implied in the Constitution itself. A number of able and competent men pronounce their decision untenable, and hold them up to ridicule for uttering it. If they have mistaken their own conceits for the Constitution, and delivered their own whims for the dicta of the organic law of the State, they certainly deserve all the censure and ridicule their act has called forth. But if they are right, the Constitution is wrong; if woman is not in it already, she must be put into it at the earliest opportunity; and if Mrs. Julia Ward Howe cannot serve as justice of peace, the people of that State should be appealed to and aroused, until in a mood of audacious justice they elect her Governor.

—When God helps all the workers for his world,
The singers shall have help of Him not last.
—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Notes About Women.

—Paulina Wright Davis is going to visit Switzerland, Germany, and France.

—Miss Carlotta Patti will soon return to the United States.

—A marriage service was recently solemnized in Cincinnati by Rev. Mrs. Addie L. Ballou.

—Miss Nilsson is staying at Windsor, Vt., from which she proposes visiting the Catskills and afterwards Newport.

—Lydia Maria Child has been aptly termed "the genial grandmother of feminine journalism in America."

—A coquette is said to be a perfect incarnation of Cupid, because she keeps her beau in a quiver.

—A young lady at Saratoga appeared on the 4th in a white costume, with one blue shoe and one red one.

—Mrs. Dr. Formes, wife of Carl Formes, has been elected member of a medical college in Philadelphia.

—The President's mansion was called the "White House" in honor of the name of the early Virginia home of Martha Washington.

—At Cape May young ladies and their gallants play croquet on the beach, which, ordinarily, is hard and smooth as a floor of marble.

—Louisa Muhlbach's new novel will be entitled *Mohammed Ali*. It will appear in three volumes, and be dedicated to the Khedive of Egypt.

Jennie June says it is easy to discover which fashion magazine is taken in a Boston household by the way the help "does" her hair.

—George Sand is making efforts to obtain her election to one of the vacant seats in the French Academy.

—Dora d'Istria, who has the reputation of being the most learned lady in Europe, will remove to Berlin.

—Miss Minnie Hauck, the American *prima donna*, has left Vienna, and is singing with extraordinary success in the large provincial cities of Austria.

—Miss E'la Liggett, of the Newell Institute, Pittsburgh, has been elected Professor in Washburn College, Topeka.

—The women of Philadelphia are talking about having a statue of Martha Washington placed beside that of her husband, on Chestnut street.

—A distinguished agriculturist says the only way to effectually destroy "widow's weeds," is for some man to say "wilt thou?" But what if a voice under the weeds answers, "I wilt not?" Some widow's weeds do not yield to husbandry.

—At the recent session of the Indiana State Sunday-school Convention, several Quaker ladies, among them Mrs. Coffin, Mrs. Saxton,

—Miss Francis L. Roberts, of Chicago writes that Mrs. A. D. Richardson will soon take up her residence in that city, and adds:—"She is one of the loveliest women I have known, and I do not wonder that for her a good man was willing to die. I think I should be willing to die for such a woman." Which sentiment we know many will heartily respond to.

and Miss Hadley, were repeatedly called out, and addressed the Convention with great acceptance.

—Fanny Fern says a literary life is a treadmill, especially to a married woman.

—Sidney Smith once gave a lady twenty receipts against melancholy. One was a bright fire; another to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another to keep a box of sugar-plums on the chimney-piece, and a kettle simmering on the hob.

—Many young children and half-grown girls are afflicted with curvature of the spine, which is produced, the doctors affirm, by requiring them to practice several hours a day on the piano without any support for the back or feet.

—Mrs. J. F. Ripley has gained the first prize for Greek scholarship in the State University of Missouri. Women would carry off the prizes in many of our colleges if they could be admitted to them.

—Atlanta, Ga., has a woman shoemaker. Her husband, who fell battling for the South, left her nothing but his kit of tools; hard times coming on, she took to the strap and the last, and is pegging out an honest livelihood. No one can say that she is a soulless widow.

—Round hats for white muslin are much affected by ladies for country wear, being cool and large, and with the addition of a flower or ribbon can be made to look very dressy.

—Miss Nettie Power Houston, daughter of the late General Sam Houston, of Texas, is a graceful writer and clever contributor to the Southern press.

—Miss Marie Louise Barcome, of Iowa, took the first prize offered by the New York Academy of Design.

—Miss Lilian Edgarton, the well-known lady lecturer, is at present residing in the family of Mr. John Keifer, in Vaux Hall, Kingston, this State.

—Twenty-five hundred Communist women have been convicted as incendiaries, and sentenced to transportation to New Caledonia.

—Three hundred and forty-nine ladies in Germany have received medals of honor from the Emperor William I., for valuable services rendered in the military hospitals during the war.

—The latest work on the question of the enfranchisement of women is the new novel, entitled "The Next Generation," by John Francis Maguire, M.P., announced for republication by James R. Osgood & Co. The book is exciting much attention in England.

—There is a colored woman preaching in South Carolina, who during the past five years has raised money sufficient to build two large churches and establish three Sunday-schools. The local papers state that she is an eloquent speaker.

—A Boston woman, a Baptist missionary, is said to have made last year three thousand five hundred and ninety-five visits, gathered many children into the Sunday-school, and otherwise did an important work for the church.

—"PATTY," a lady called to a little girl who was in the parlor, "did you tell your mother that I was here?" "Yes'm," answered Patty, demurely. "And what did she say?" "She said, 'Oh, that dreadful woman again.'"

—A young lady writes from Washington, to a Boston paper, that "two months in the Treasury Department has made me feel proud that I hold a position there. I know whereof I affirm when I say that no better, more intelligent, or refined class of women can be found in any circle of life."

—A German lady writes to the Secretary of the San Francisco Exchange, that the war has been specially disastrous to the women, and that they are now the greatest sufferers. She has concluded to transport a number of respectable working-girls to California, where they can be a blessing to the country and build a pleasant future for themselves.

—Miss Harriet B. Rogers, who has been at the head of the Clarke Institution for deaf mutes at Northampton, Mass., since it was established, four years ago, and who had been teaching deaf children by articulation for two or three years before 1867, is about to take a vacation and spend a few months in Europe, where she will examine at her leisure the German method of instructing deaf mutes, as practised in Jewish schools and other institutions of the Austrian capital.

—The London papers record the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Abell, formerly Miss Balcombe, known to every reader of the memoirs of the First Napoleon's career as the young lady whose sprightliness and sympathy were among the few things which rendered his latter days in exile at St. Helena supportable. We believe Mrs. Abell published some memoirs of that captivity, more than a quarter of a century since, when she was often to be seen in what may be called the Bonapartist circles of London.

—A very singular assumption of personal prerogative has just occurred at Princeville, Ill. A lady teacher there, Miss Potter, for some reason felt under obligations to punish one of her scholars. Whether the punishment was mild or severe the telegraphic dispatches does not inform us. However, it offended the father of the child, who procured a rope, proceeded to the school-room, and seizing Miss Potter, put the rope around her neck and endeavored to hang her on the door. Some men passing saw the struggle between the two in time to rescue the lady and arrest the self appointed executioner.

—The oldest woman in Maine is Miss Bertha Foster, who was born on the fifteenth of June, 1764, and is consequently over one hundred and seven years old. Since her one hundredth birthday she has both spun and knit. For one pair of stockings knit since that time she has received five dollars. She has been able to read until within a few years, and walked quite well until very recently, when she fell and has since been obliged to keep her bed. She still retains her faculties to a remarkable degree.

—An American lady, Miss A——, from Boston, has created a sensation in Rome, by giving a lecture in the Vatican in a private apartment of one of the cardinals. She chose for her subject a reading in Italian of Dickens' "Mrs. Jarley and her Waxwork Exhibition." The wax figures were personated by ladies and gentlemen, friends and ac-

quaintances of the lady, and the getting-up of the whole thing was admirable. The rumor goes that many of the highest dignitaries of the church were induced to honor the representation with their presence, although concealed from view between the pilasters of the gallery where the lecture was taking place.

—D. G. Crosby, managing editor of the *World* says, "My wife is the ablest assistant I ever had in journalism." Mrs. Robert Carter, wife of the editor of *Appleton's Journal* is a facile and graceful writer, whose pen renders invaluable assistance to her husband.

—LILLIE LELAND recently graduated with distinguished honors at Rockland Institute, at Nyack, on the Hudson, She had won the badge of the Legion of Honor for four years in succession, the first time such a distinction has been achieved in twenty years, and which requires that the student shall not have missed a day or an hour or a lesson, nor in any way received a discredit mark during the entire year.

—The author of a pamphlet on the "Wear and Tear of the Nervous System," thinks that among the chief causes of weakness and ill-health among our women, are overwork and confinement at school of girls at the very age when they most require frequent rest and out-door exercise.

—Prof. Huxley, in a late lecture, said that the present feminine fashions outrage all common sense by displaying a woman's figure in the form of a candle extinguisher upside down; that such an absurd style of dress is physically injurious, and anatomically monstrous.

—One who has been intimate with the family of Mrs. Wharton, charged with wholesale poisoning in Baltimore, says that this lady is a woman of the most gentle and affectionate disposition. "Her love for her husband, who was rather a wild and harum-scarum person, was conspicuous during twenty years of their married life, and she was so devoted to the son, whom she is charged with having murdered, that she sacrificed her own comfort during his entire school days to be near him and to look after his welfare." Many facts go to show that Mrs. Wharton has long suffered from a peculiar nervous disease.

—The women of Paris fought desperately in some cases, for the Commune. It is related, among a multitude of incidents of a similar nature, that a female colonel was captured. Near her, also a prisoner, was another woman, whom a gendarme goaded with his sabre. A stranger reproached him for acting so cruelly to a woman. "Woman!" he cried. "That woman, as you call her, killed my captain and lieutenant, and a sergeant, with three shots from a revolver." One account says that "the *vivandieres* have been especially bloody, and shot several officers with their revolvers at the moment of their capture. More courageous than the men, the women show fight to the last moment, and meet their death with an undaunted courage." An Englishman met, in the Rue de la Paix, a company of between twenty and thirty girls, looking neat and pretty, but hooted at, cursed, and hissed, with unusual bitterness by the mob. These girls were hurried along the Place Vendome, knowing well that they would be put to death without mercy; but they tripped along gayly, answering the curses of the throng with smiles.

—Miss Mary H. Graves preaches very acceptably for the Unitarian Society at Mansfield Mass.

—It is probable that many innocent women suffered untold privations and even death in the recent Communist conflict in Paris. The papers tell of a member of the National Assembly who recently entered a yard where a large number of women were held prisoners, for their supposed complicity in the awful deeds of this modern reign of horror, when he was seized by a woman in soiled garments, who exclaimed, "You shall not leave me!" "Gracious Heaven! are you here?" he exclaimed, as he recognized the wife of a friend. It seems that she ventured into the street of an errand, was caught in the vast crowd and swept away to Versailles as an incendiary, and no one would believe that she was a lady of respectable connections, nor take the trouble to communicate with her despairing family. But for the accidental appearance of her husband's friend she would probably have been transported or shot.

—Rev. M. D. Conway, of London, writes to the Cincinnati *Commercial* that the Orientals there, and there are many very cultivated Indian men there, see plainly the vast distance between the social life in England and what exists in India. Seeing intelligent ladies and gentlemen mingling here in drawing-rooms, and seeing the life of the home, they have learned to look with horror upon the absence of any real homes or society among the natives of India. In every Indian house the women are mere slaves and drudges, and they are never seen. These Indians say: "Were you to come to India, if you were my dearest friend I could not introduce you to mother, wife, or sister." The female relatives even of the wealthy families are not only kitchen drudges, never appearing, even when no strangers are present, in the finer parts of the house, but they hardly know what it is to put on clothes. Strange to say, the nearest approach to a more civilized condition of women is found among those very Sepoys, who were declared, in the time of the rebellion, to be such monsters! There has been a growing determination among the Orientals visiting this country to grapple with this social barbarism of their country, and to enter upon a systematic effort of reform. Baboo Chunder Sen was indeed alive to the necessity of this, even before he visited England, and since his return he has established several schools for women. The consultations with English people, which the Indians now here have had, has resulted in the formation of a society for the cultivation of nearer social relations between the people of the East and West. It meets at private houses, is composed of liberal families, who do not desire to "convert" the Orientals to any religion, and is altogether very interesting. There is, generally, a sort of conversational discussion at them, upon the best way of introducing social reform, and, especially, female education into India; and at the last discussion, which I attended, held at the house of a well-known liberal family, at Highbury, the tendency of the talk was, that hereafter there should be efforts made to bring to England, not only young men, but young women, in order that they might be educated, and should return to teach their sisters, and to carry out some of the arrangements of English social life.

A FEEBLE GAIL.

BY E. H. GOODELL.

Gail Hamilton seems to be terror-stricken because those women who have engaged in politics are doing over again the same things so much deprecated in male politicians. But would she consider the fact that men commit political errors an argument against Republicanism? Are the mistakes of Republicans an argument for a despotic form of government?

Women do not claim the ballot because they are perfect, but in order to do away with the injustice from which they now suffer. It is well to exhort women to perfect themselves in the various pursuits in which they are employed; but where is the justice of compelling those who have proved faithful and efficient workers, to labor still for inadequate wages, merely because their sisters fail to reach the same high standard of excellence? It is just to withhold the reward till it is merited, but no longer; and the sooner justice is done in this regard the better.

Suffrage will greatly strengthen the efforts of those noble women who are laboring for the perfect development of women. We must seek to establish the principles of justice and equality for women as well as men, trusting that the existing evils of society will find a remedy in the progress of civilization, and the development of the science of government. To withhold it because she is not perfect is as absurd as to shut the schools until children are educated.

Suffrage will enlarge the class of individuals intellectually and morally qualified to fill places of public trust. Our intellectual women, many of whom have been faithful mothers, have seen the working of our system of government, should occupy seats in our halls of legislation; and, having proved themselves faithful in that which is least, may also prove that they are equal to greater and more arduous duties, and not equal to those who so often fail to fulfil their trusts. We owe a debt of gratitude to those useful women, which can in no other way be so well repaid as in conferring upon them the nation's best gift of citizenship. To withhold it from these because a few ignorant women rant and a few dolls are extravagant, is to adopt a principle that would cut the names of half our present voters from the list.

The voice of woman is demanded at the ballot-box to aid in carrying forward those reforms so much needed "to promote the general welfare" and "to secure domestic tranquility." Many of our best men are too indifferent with regard to using political influence against these vices which are the disturbers of our national peace and prosperity, and which hinder our intellectual progress. If the moral strength of the nation were united in an earnest political effort against vice, a work would be consummated which would ensure our nation moral grandeur and religious purity. To wait until all the instruments for such a work are perfect would be to postpone this consummation forever.

VIROQUA, July 20, 1871.

—Very near together are hearts that have no guile.—*Confucius.*

Contributions.

WOMAN VS. FEMALE.

BY JANE C. DE FORREST.

The term "female" as a synonyme for woman, is a vulgarism that ought to be scourged out of good society. As it is equally applicable to one half of the brute creation, its use instead of woman, lady, or girl, tends to lower the dignity and position of womanhood. When it is used without the proper substantive, one is sometimes provoked to inquire whether it is the female sheep, or bear, or swine, that is intended. Those who have a true respect for woman would never employ a term so indelicate and objectionable as this, if they realized how bad it is.

There may be occasions when its use is correct and unavoidable; but to speak of schools for young women as female seminaries, or female colleges, is not only ungrammatical, but essentially vulgar. Gail Hamilton, in one of her "spasms of sense" in the *Independent*, holds up a young lady to ridicule because she objects to being called a female teacher. The objection is reasonable and just. We do not say "male" teachers, "male" schools, "male" colleges, "male" clubs; certainly the great army of patient, hard working, underpaid women, should have the privilege of being called "women," and not set down as "females." How absurd it would seem to hear people say Harvard Male University? Yet is that any more ridiculous than to say Rutger's Female Institute, or Troy Female Seminary? How often we hear men speak of meeting "females" in the street. Would they feel complimented or insulted were ladies to pass them by as "males?"

The use of this term is another evidence of the low estimate placed upon woman for these long, weary ages. It is the result of the harem idea, which regarded her as a mere human animal, created for the sole purpose of pleasing the fancies of her master. Woman is now struggling to free herself from a debasing thraldom; yet, custom is so powerful that even her friends constantly, but thoughtlessly, use this epithet, which tends to degrade her.

Usually, when one makes an effort to win the standard of womanhood, there are opposing bigots who quote the Bible in its condemnation. But the Bible, whose teachings are the foundation of the woman cause, is a model in respect to the use of this objectionable epithet. In no place do we find "*female*" used when woman, or maiden, or damsel can be employed. Those who desire to have its authority on their side, should follow its example in this respect.

A PROMISING EDITOR.

Miss M. E. Dyott is the editor and proprietor of the *New Rochelle Pioneer*, published in that town, in Westchester county, after which her tidy paper is named. Miss Dyott is about eighteen years of age, talented, possessed of remarkable business tact, as the story will tell, and is of the most prepossessing appearance. She is of *petite* and exquisite figure, complexion of full brunette, bright dark eyes, and hair to correspond. The *Pioneer* is a weekly, and though a little paper, its grammar is good, and also its make-up. Miss Dyott in addition to her duty as editor, is publisher, foreman and compositor. She is assisted in composing by two boys, and her paper is published with perfect regularity. Miss Dyott has been in this position for about two years, or since she became an orphan, and still wears deep mourning for her bereavement.

The printing office occupies one-half of her cosy cottage in Church street, New Rochelle, the other half being her home, and the printing office, like her home part of the cottage, is a model of her neatness. The editor of the *American Society* says:—that when we called at the office, the *Pioneer* was about to go to press, and Miss Dyott was in the usual flurry of excitement attending the issue of the newspaper. With sleeves rolled above her elbows, Miss Dyott appeared the earnest little worker thot she is. The moment we saw her, the names of Joan of Arc and Ida Lewis occurred to mind, and we thought that interesting, industrious, and talented girl before us was the model type for all our sister advocates of woman's rights.

MORAL COURAGE.

BY LUNA HUTCHINSON.

An article recently appeared in THE REVOLUTION, in which the writer says: "How important it is that all who have the welfare of our sex at heart, especially those who by pen or voice take a public stand in its favor, *should live* noble and true lives."

What is it to live a noble and true life? If we take the model of the most perfect life that ever lived, for our guide, we find that it is not to live in strict conformity to the customs and creeds of contemporaries, but to try and discern the true principles of right beneath the changing conditions, circumstances, and opinions of society, and live in the face of any and all opposition, persecution, and to the death if needs be.

Not long since, a committee was chosen to select a speaker for a certain public occasion; a lady of much ability was named; but one of the committee objected, saying that she had been divorced, and he wished to have speakers "with a clear record." This would be on a par with men, who, in selecting officers to serve in the army, should refuse to accept any who had so fought in other wars and showed the scars of their valor and daring. Certainly the scars and the divorce are honorable, if received in noble fighting against injustice and wrong, for freedom and for purity.

The great want of this age, is moral courage; and this culminates in women as physical daring obtains in men. But it will require long exercise of mind and much freedom of thought before there will be any moral feats to compare with the signal feats of physical and military daring that all men celebrate. Women have the latent courage; only it wants to be brought out by action; and for the action there must be freedom of thought and of will. We are too cramped and confined, restrained and repressed to give full reins to our best impulses, and feel the presence of our powers and responsibilites. But when the moral elements of the soul shall be once truly liberated, and aroused, and trained, then the world may expect to see true moral heroines emerging from obscurity, obloquy, and wrong, in their true grandeur, to be, win the recognition they deserve. In the moral crusade against the evils of society, conformity to unjust and degrading costumes, deference to hypocracies, and shams, and lies, woman must do her part and will win renown. In the contest, too, against the animal in human nature and the material in human life, emancipated woman must act the angel. It matters not out of what trials she emerges, and what sins she leaves behind, so long as she contends for the better and lives into the true.

BEATRICE.

BY LAURA CURTIS BULLARD.

(CONCLUDED.)

"Is Mr. Irving in?" asked a young man, evidently a stranger, entering the establishment of Messrs. Irving & Co., the most successful of the many successful merchants of Montford.

"He is, sir," was the reply of the clerk addressed. "Step this way, and I will show you to the counting-room."

Threading his way through boxes and bales of goods, the gentleman followed his guide, and was ushered into the room.

Mr. Irving was seated at his desk, busily engaged in writing. He looked up as the boy approached him, and, seeing the stranger, exclaimed:

"Ah, Meredith, how are you? Take a seat, and I will be at your service in a few moments."

He turned again to his desk, and rapidly sealed the letter he had been writing, gave that, with several others, to a boy in waiting, and then turned to the new comer. He looked at him searchingly; then, burst into a fit of laughter, exclaiming: "What's the matter now? Have you lost your last friend, or have you got a heavy note falling due, and nothing to meet it, hey?"

Meredith shook his head. "Only my old complaint," he said; "a touch of the blue-devils, and I dropped in here to see if you couldn't exorcise them as usual. You are always happy, notwithstanding you are so busy."

"Notwithstanding!" interrupted Irving. "Because I'm so busy, you might say, and come nearer the truth. Take my advice: go to work yourself, and I'll wager you'll be no more troubled with the blues than I am."

"The remedy is worse than the disease," said Meredith. "Why should I care to make money? You know very well that my poor Therese left me more than I know what to do with. I am much obliged for your prescription, but must decline following it."

"Well, I won't get offended, like most friends, if you won't take my advice; but I'll prescribe again. This is Mrs. Bigelow's reception evening; go with me there, and I'll promise you a release from your blue tormentors for one evening, at least."

"A party!" exclaimed Louis, shrugging his shoulders. "Worse and worse!"

"It isn't like an ordinary party," persisted his friend, "where you go to be stifled in a crowd, and cram yourself with delicacies. It is an unceremonious assemblage of agreeable people, drawn together by a desire to meet

each other in part, but I must confess the most powerful magnet is old Bigelow's niece—the loveliest creature you ever beheld."

"A belle!" sneered Meredith; "I detest the whole tribe of empty-headed coquettes."

"It's plain you haven't seen the belle of Montford," rejoined Irving. "You've read Bianca, haven't you?"

"Yes; and it was a glorious work."

"Well, our belle wrote that."

"Indeed!" said Meredith, with a start, and a look of animation that made his fine but impassive features doubly beautiful; then relapsing into his old manner, he said "a blue! From all ink-bedaubed dames, good Lord, deliver us!"

"I see you are determined not to be pleased with anything," said his companion. "But I'll defy you to resist our belle and blue, if you but see her. Will you go to the party, or not? Say yes or no, Louis, for I must dismiss you rather unceremoniously, as I have a business engagement at four, and it lacks only a quarter to that hour."

"Yes, then," yawned Louis, as he slowly sauntered off.

Mrs. Bigelow's splendid parlors were a blaze of light as the two gentlemen entered that evening, and paid their respects to their hostess. At a little distance from her stood a young and queenly-looking girl, talking gaily with a knot of gentlemen; she was richly attired, and her robe of rose-colored silk contrasted well with her clear, olive complexion. She did not observe the new comers till they had joined the group around her; then, with easy elegance, she welcomed Mr. Irving, and bowed with much grace to Mr. Meredith, on his introduction to Miss Lancaster.

For once Louis Meredith was startled out of his usual apathy. "Beatrice," trembled on his lips; for it was she, more lovely, if possible, than when he had seen her five years before. Could it be that she was the author of that wonderful book that had thrilled the hearts of a nation? He could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses, and, bewildered by his emotions, he stood speechless for a few moments. Then, recovering himself, he was again the polished man of the world.

Beatrice neither by word or look betrayed her recollection of him, and he did not venture to allude to the past. She treated him with easy politeness, and he, half vexed at the power she had over him, yet unable to resist her fascinations, was as constant an attendant upon her as her shadow during the whole evening.

His friends rallied him on his surrender to to the belle and the blue, and Louis said but little in reply; but from that time he was a constant visitor at Mrs. Bigelow's, where Beatrice, since the death of her mother, had resided. With Mrs. Bigelow he soon became a favorite, but Beatrice, though studiously polite, was equally cold; yet, notwithstanding all her coldness, Louis was more madly in love with her than ever.

Week after week he lingered in Montford, and at every opportunity he was at her side She appeared utterly unconscious of his devotion, and her manner effectually prevented his uttering any expressions of affection. He longed to, and yet dared not, learn his fate, and in alternations of hope and fear passed his time.

At last he could bear it no longer; he resolved to know the worst, and went one afternoon to see her, with the determination to offer her his heart and hand. Fortune favored him; she was alone in the library, and he was shown there at once. She was sitting with her head a little turned aside, as he entered, but he saw the blood rush to her cheek and her eyes sparkle, as she half-started forward to meet him; then resuming her old, stately manner, she received him with dignity, and sank into her seat. He had seen and hoped much from her emotion.

"Beatrice!" he cried, unable to restrain himself, "thank God I see you once more alone. How I have longed for this opportunity. Nay, Beatrice," he said, as she was about to speak, "you must hear me. I love you with my whole heart and soul—with a love such as no other can offer you. Will you be mine?"

She looked at him coldly.

"Mr. Meredith has, doubtless, been misinformed," she said; my uncle is wealthy, but I am not his heiress."

Stung to the quick by this insinuation, Louis started, his eyes flashed, but he controlled himself.

"Cruel as your words are, I deserve them," he said, "for my dastardly conduct long ago. But hear me: I was young, proud, and poor; daily stung by my poverty, cramped by it, struggling vainly to overcome the obstacles it placed in my way. Just then my evil genius threw Therese in my way. Her evident partiality for me flattered me, her wealth dazzled me, and, in an unlucky moment, I yielded to temptation, and secured her but lost you. No sooner was it done than I regretted it. Even then had you treated me less proudly, less contemptuously, I would have resigned her and claimed you; but I felt that you would have none of me, and blindly I was led on to a marriage without love. I never loved her, and I never ceased to love you, Beatrice, even when my wife's arms were twined around me, and her voice whispering tender words in my ear, your form would glide between us, and I cursed the fate that had taken you from me. But yet I was a kind husband to Therese—so she and all the world said. I paid her all the attention due to her; I gave her all but my heart, and that was yours.

"At last she died, and left me all her wealth. I was free, and instantly my heart turned to you. I sought you everywhere, and at last have found you.

"God be praised that you are poor, that so I may prove my disinterested attachment to you. I offer you my heart, my hand, my fortune. I offer you a love that has increased in fervor every year. Be mine, my Beatrice—my wife."

He took her hand as he spoke; she withdrew it instantly.

"Louis Meredith," she said, "I give you credit for rare candor. Few would confess that they had sold themselves for money—but how dare you offer me the wages of your shame?" Her eyes flashed fire! "Never, sir, would I become the wife of a dastard, such as you have declared yourself; you have your answer."

She turned to leave the room but he prevented her.

"Beatrice," he said, "I know you well! I forgive you your cruel words, for it is your pride which dictates them. You loved me when your pride forbade you to show any regret at our separation. In your heart of hearts you love me even now, when with bitter words in your pride you send me from you. Your eyes sparkled at my coming, Beatrice; your heart plead for me when your resolute will stilled its voice. Oh! do not, my Beatrice, for such a hollow triumph, prepare a lifetime of misery for yourself and me."

She drew up her figure to its full height.

"Yes, Louis Meredith, I did love you once," she said, "though I blush to own it; I loved you for what I thought you were—a noble and true man. It was the ideal, not the real man that I loved. Thanks to you, you opened my eyes. Long since I ceased to love you. And you could flatter yourself that you had power to move me! No, sir, your coming could neither bring the blood to my cheek, quicken my pulses, or make my heart beat. I did start at your entrance, but it was because I expected, momentarily, the entrance of him whom I do love with my whole heart—my affianced husband—whose step I hear, even now, approaching. Remain, if you choose, and I will show you a man, such as you must become ere you win the heart of a true woman. Forgive me, if I have been too harsh; but learn this lesson, that he who sells himself for money, sinks below the level of a man, and forfeits all claims to be treated as such."

Without a word Louis Meredith bowed and withdrew, a sadder, if not wiser man, as the betrothed of Beatrice entered the apartment.

A few weeks later, in those spacious parlors, surrounded by her friends, Beatrice gave her hand where she had long since given her heart. Never had she looked so lovely as now, when, with a holy confidence, she entrusted her happiness to the keeping of the man of her choice; and never, during a long life of mingled prosperity and adversity, did she have occasion to regret it.

Their love was founded on a rock, and though "the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, it fell not," for it rested on the sure foundation of trust in each other and in God.

—Col. Forney, well says that there is no better evidence of the sure and permanent improvement of the public press than the difference between the lady writers of the present day and those of the last generation. Correspondence, and even editorship, has risen to a profession among educated women in the United States; and with the exception of a few, who do not find the circulation of scandal or of socialistic doctrines in any sense a profitable pastime, most of them are generously and substantially rewarded. No Fanny Wright frightens the proprieties in the States; No Annie Royall terrifies the statesmen in the Capitol. The female correspondents of to-day are welcomed and honored in every circle. They write generally from a conscientious love of their vocation, and they are popular because their style is more *spirituelle* than the rough rhetoric of the trained Bohemians. Their energy and perseverance are making journalism and correspondence a permanent vocation for their sisters. And as the press grows in influence it will need all sorts of auxiliaries, and none more than women.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general warfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 5093, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, JULY 27, 1871.

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EUROPEAN SOCIETY.

Alexander Dumas has recently arraigned France before the tribunal of public opinion in a letter which has been extensively copied throughout Europe. In his powerful indictment against her, he charges France with being the architect of her own misfortunes, and chief among the causes which have contributed to her downfall he reckons the social corruption pervading all classes of her people.

Some years ago he published several protestations against the growing disregard for morality which was evident in France, and he predicted the results which must inevitably follow if these social disorders were unchecked.

Nations, like individuals, must obey the inexorable law of consequences. As they sow so must they reap. A career of license is the sure precursor of disease and death.

In France, the *demi-monde* forms a large society of its own; it thrusts itself unrebuked into a prominence that renders it impossible for the community to overlook or ignore its existence. Its leaders are the acknowledged leaders of the fashions; their manners, style, and dress, are copied, not only by their own class, but they indirectly influence the manner and dress of all the nations who take the modes of Paris for their models.

The names of these leaders are household words. Photographs of them in the shop-windows make their faces as familiar as their lives are notorious.

Not only is the *demi-monde* thus a conspicuous proof of the immorality of Paris, but a still worse portion of its social life, though less openly manifest, is even more fatal; it is the prevailing custom among all ranks, men and women, to form secret and illegal unions. Those who have lived for years in France are unanimous in stating that such ties are the rule rather than the exception, among high and low, rich and poor. They attribute this result to the false system of marriage in France, which makes matrimony an affair of business arranged by the relations of bride and groom, a system which regards any consideration of the affections of either party as of little moment, while the pecuniary part of the bargain is of paramount importance.

But, though France has attained a bad preeminence as regards her reputation for immorality among the nations, she is by no means alone in deserving the seething rebuke which Dumas has given her.

No thoughtful person who is at all interested in the social condition of the countries of Europe, can fail to be struck with the low standard of morality everywhere evident among them.

Facts are alluded to as a mere matter of course, which are startling to the listener, although the narrator is quite unaware of the impression produced. Provided a certain respect is paid to the conventionalities, society takes but little notice of flagrant sins against morals in men or women.

In Italy, family histories are repeated to a stranger as were matters of course, which would be hushed up as disgraceful in America. Even in Germany and in England, those countries which we have been taught to believe are the homes of all domestic virtues, the state of morals is appalling.

Both direct and indirect testimony go to prove the existence of a most corrupt condition of society there. One would shrink from the task of repeating the statements made as mere casual matters.

Some of the more scandalous and flagrant offences against good morals are already arousing public opinion on the subject, and people are beginning to ask the thoughtful men who have long been trying to awake the community to the danger threatening them, what remedy is there for this fearful lack of morality among us.

The danger is readily seen, the remedy it is not so easy to discover.

When, too, the purest and most earnest men approach this subject, they do it at the risk of having their own motives assailed. Men who, like John Stuart Mill and Mr. Moncure D. Conway, are above reproach in life and character, if they touch on these themes, are attacked by the Bouveries and their like, as attempting to overturn the safeguards of society, accused of hostility to the marriage institution, and a thousand other charges are made against them.

People who venture to defend the sacredness of marriage, such as God ordained—that most beautiful and pure relation between a man and woman, who, clasping hands in a life-long and loving union, would regard the loosening of that clasp as their greatest misfortune—are stigmatized as unsafe teachers, because they venture to declare, also, the truth that no marriage, where love does not exist, can be pure or sacred, or ought to be so considered by the world. They are called hard names because they aver that a woman who sells herself in wedlock to one man, differs from her sister, who sells herself to many, not in kind, but only in the degree of her infamy; and that if the one sinner deserves the opprobrium and scorn of all society, so does the other as justly merit the same penalty.

The world is indignant at being told that the shutting of one's eyes to faults is not the way to correct them. It hates the surgeon who strips off the the thin covering of hypocrisy which it has drawn over its plague spots, and whose probe is fearlessly and unflinchingly applied to the wounds it would heal.

There is nothing new in all this. Men and women who would attempt to reform any existing abuses must count the cost, and be prepared to accept the penalty which they will surely be called upon to pay.

Opprobrium, contumely, abuse, misrepresentation, are the coin which the world showers upon its would-be benefactors.

Nothing on earth is so unpopular or so unpalatable as the truth.

Even in the realm of science and art if a man proclaims a discovery, which is at variance with already accepted theories, he has to suffer from the first impulse of his fellow students, which is to deny, dispute and decry his discovery as false or valueless.

In the world of morals this same law is even more universal and severe in its application.

The purest and noblest of moral reformers the world has ever seen was called a glutton and a wine-bibber; accused of consorting with publicans and sinners, and suffered a most ignominious death at the hands of those amongst whom "he went about doing good."

But the truths he taught did not die with him, and that brief and troubled life, and shameful death, marked the dawn of a new day, the brightness of whose meridian glories the world has not yet reached.

As in that time, so it is now in the present; each generation stones its own prophets, and builds sepulchres in honor of those whom their fathers slew. So it always has been; so, probably, it always will be, and those who come as prophets, or in the name of prophets, will receive a prophet's reward. But shall that prevent the fearless utterance of the truth, or check the attempt to lessen the ravages of the gangrene of impurity which threatens the social destruction, not only of Europe, but of our own land.

God forbid! The truth should be spoken whether men will bear it willingly or unwillingly, and all honor to the brave souls who, regardless of selfish interests, dare to utter a voice of warning, and refusing to cry "Peace, peace, where there is no peace," are willing to bear the reproach, if need be, which their heroic devotion to the right must cost them.

—The editor of the *Chistlan Union* fails to see the obligation resting on woman to be two things at a time, when no such obligation rests upon man; but as the world demands that she shall be artist and housewife, and as she generally by her great elasticity of mental temperament complies with the demand, it is well that in this respect she should be appreciated. He suggests prize exhibitions of literary housewifery and imagines that as the millennium draws near, everybody will have a respect for the housewifery of literary ladies.

—If it is a small sacrifice to discontinue the use of wine, do it for the sake of others. If it is a great sacrifice, do it for your own.—*Samuel J. May.*

MISS BEECHER'S PROTEST.

Miss Catharine Beecher has her full share of the crotchets of the remarkable family to which she belongs. Her particular weakness at the present time is a chronic fear lest the ballot shall be given to women. She is alarmed at the idea of thrusting duties and responsibilities upon a whole sex which only a few of its members desire, and for which most of them are unprepared. Like the good woman who had something better than universal salvation, she has something better than universal suffrage; which is, to let those women vote who pay taxes. She say's "the majority of women believe it is for their good the responsibilities of civil government be borne by men alone, and that it will be an act of injustice and oppression to oblige conscientious women to take these responsibilities in their hands." This is pure assumption on Miss Beecher's part; but suppose that she is right, for the sake of her argument. The people of France decided by an overwhelming majority, that it was for thier good that the responsibilities of civil government be borne by Louis Napoleon. The event proved their mistake, and an improvished nation with almost every family mourning the loss of father, brother, or son is the historic commentary on their vote. People may desire to shirk responsibilities; but this inate laziness of human nature is the stronghold of despotism.

It is only by rousing up out of apathy, accepting responsibilities, and performing duties, and confronting every opportunity with an act that man or woman can realize their destiny in this world. If the women of this nation are not equal to the trusts of citizenship, and cannot perform their duties as such, there is so much the greater call for preparation for, not for protest against the responsibilities. Are women who pay taxes any more competent to discharge the duties of citizenship than hundreds who are not taxed? Is inequality and unfairness a wise preparation of woman for the performance of civil duties, and an infallible specific for political and social disorder? The more closely Miss Beecher's protest is scrutinized the more evident it becomes that it came out of her weakness rather than her wisdom, and betokens fright instead of faith. If she could only pillow her heart on a great principle, and trust it will stand though superstitions shiver and customs shrivel, and at last will bring all things into harmony with its truth, she would be much stronger and happier and hopeful than at present. And such a principle is absolute justice. The cause of woman's enfranchisement rests on that pillar of the universe.

THE AMERICAN POETS IN ENGLAND.

The London *Bookseller* says "the accomplished editor of the *Victoria Magazine*, Miss Emily Faithfull, is giving a course of evening lectures on the Poets of England and America, and the 'Prose-writing' Poets. Our lady friends will do well to attend these lectures, they will then have an opportunity of hearing how poetry should be read, and also how well ladies may be understood when they enunciate their words with distinctness and proper modulation."

One of the London morning papers says that her second lecture was given to a crowded and fashionable audience. She remarked "that the two countries are bound together now even more strongly than before. America even turning with just pride to the old country, and all true-hearted Englishmen rejoice in the free institutions of the United States. When we come to speak of the literature of America we have to remember that she became all at once a great country. Her poets had to succeed her statesmen, orators and warriors, and in fact their reign has only just begun, and they must be inspired by hope rather than memory; they must look forward into the future, rather than look back into the past." "It is a great thing for a nation," says Mr. Carlyle, "that it can get an articulate voice—that it produces a man who will speak forth melodiously what the heart of it means." The treasures of American literature are spreading more widely every year, and becoming valued in England, and all over Europe, and, realizing that they cannot rival Shakespeare and Milton, the poets of America have wisely admitted their fame their own, justly regarding these kings of song as the common property of all who speak the English language. We shall spend our time with poets whose songs gushed from the heart, though they cannot, perhaps, be reckoned among the grand old masters, or the bards sublime,

> "Whose distant footsteps echo
> Through the corridors of time."

In sweet and unpretending lyrics, America is singularly rich. Few poets ever described the charms of external nature with more beauty than Bryant. In Dana we find however, the philosopher and poet united. Pierpoint's odes are full of fire. Mrs. Sigourney and Mrs. Kemble have sustained the reputation of their sex; and *Hiawatha* transports us to the forest and the prairie; it embalms the most human elements in the life and ideas of a race of hunters and warriors, and has been fairly ranked with Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* as one of the two most indegenous and masterly productions in American literature.

Young *Hiawatha*, dreaming of *Minnehaha*, sums up the whole matter respecting the relation of man and woman:—

> "As unto the bow the cord is,
> So unto man is woman;
> Though she binds him, she obeys him;
> Though she draws him, yet she follows him,
> Useless each without the other"

Washington Irving claimed for the songs of Bryant a place in the best school of English poetry; he reckoned them among the very highest of their class. There is no doubt that Bryant's poems awaken our tenderest sympathy for Nature's joys and sorrows. his *Death of the Flowers* is an exquisite lament.

The poetry and prose of Dana have a number of readers, and his writings belong to the permanent literature of America No lover of American poets is unacquainted with Edgar Allan Poe's *Raven*, *The Bells*, or *Annabel Lee*, and over the poets' life we gladly throw a veil—

> "Let us tread lightly on the poet's ashes"

Miss Faithfull next dwelt upon Mr. Lowell's *Biglow Papers*, the works of Walt Whitman and his claims as a poet, and Mrs. Kemble's address to some youths on leaving their academy. The latter, she said, was full of glowing oratory, and the unseen griefs, difficulties, and failures which have to be encountered.

A vote of thanks to the lecturer, to which she responded, concluded the proceedings.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Gail Hamilton does not think more highly than she ought to think of anyone, unless it be herself; but she is particularly severe on those of her sex who try to earn a livelihood as Washington correspondents. We wish there were less truth as well as less spite in the following from her caustic pen: "So far as the department of Washington correspondence offered woman a field for the display of intellectual acuteness and social wisdom, it has been largely neglected. Women have apparently restrained their ambition to doing deftly and as a regular business the inane work that men did clumsily and incidentally. For the laughter and applause of galleries they have been willing to make the judicious grieve. In dealing with politics, they have attempted well, though circumstances may have prevented a complete success; but, with few exceptions, in dealing with society they have not even attempted well. Dreary catalogues of dress and jewelry, eulogistic or depreciating descriptions of personal appearance, glittering and sounding generalities of wealth and splendor are all that they seem to have aspired to. Given certain reception days, and certain public men and their wives—who in the eyes of these women are equally public—and unlimited command of silk and satin, and you have ample material for a Washington letter. No matter whether the man were at the reception or not. He might have been, and in the letter he is."

—A letter has been received by the Secretary of the San Francisco Labor Exchange, from a German lady, formerly resident in California. She states that the war has been specially disastrous to the women, and that they are now the greatest sufferers. She has concluded to transport a number of respectable orphan working girls to California, where they can be "a blessing to the country, and build a pleasant future for themselves."

TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

AN ATTRACTIVE LIST OF PREMIUMS.

For 15	Subscribers and	$30,	we will give a Doty Washing Machine. One of the best assistants in domestic labor.
12	" "	$24,	a Doty Clothes Wringer. No housewife should be without it.
" 10	" "	$20,	a splendid bronzed eight-day Clock.
10	" "	$20,	one Dress Pattern, fifteen yards best quality black Alpaca.
" 10	" "	$20,	a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; something needed in every family.
" 9	" "	$18,	one dozen Spoons, heavily plated.
9	" "	$18,	one dozen silver plated Forks.
9	" "	$18,	silver plated Teapot.
" 9	"	$18,	one dozen Dinner Knives, best quality.
" 7	" "	$14,	one set of French China, 44 pieces.
" 6	" "	$12,	silver plated Cake Basket.
" 6	" "	$1..,	" " Butter Dish.
" 5	" "	$10,	one linen damask Table Cloth.
3	"	$6,	one of Prang's Celebrated Chromos, "The Kid's Playground."
" 3	"	$6,	Prang's beautiful Steel Engraving, "Our Women Warriors."
"	" "	$4,	Representative Women, being the portrait of seven ladies identified with the women's movement.
" 2	"	$4,	silver plated Butter-Knife.

We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

Special Correspondence.

FROM THE PACIFIC.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

We left Salt Lake at noon, with the assurance of many new friends that our visit there had been a great blessing. What is often repeated in our hearing we are apt to echo. Going to Salt Lake, listening to the story of the perilous journey of theMormons from Nauvoo to Utah; of their persecutions, hardships and trials in this desolate region, cut off from civilization with all its comforts and necessities; of the heroic deeds of Brigham Young, and his great achievements in making that desert blossom like the rose, people are quite apt to respond, "Yes, he has done wonders." But when you think he has had a quarter of a century to build up one very poor city, composed chiefly of small, cheap houses, without free schools or sidewalks; when you see the impoverished condition of the masses, compelled to pay a tenth of all their earnings to the church, and the slavery in which their minds are held to dogmas, traditions and revelations; when you contrast Utah with California, one must feel that that master mind has blocked rather than pushed forward civilization in the territory under his control.

We stopped one night in Corinne, the only Gentile town in Utah. Though it is a dreary, desolate looking place, yet we find there many pleasant people; among others, a Mrs. Painter, a sweet, mild, little Quakeress from Philadelphia, who had done hospital service in the late war. I think it must be one article in the creed of this sect to have on all occasions a clean, well-spread table, for certain it is, I never ate a poor meal in the house of a Friend, and the supper to which Mrs. P. invited us was no exception.

Mrs. Stevens, of San Francisco, Miss Anthony, and myself, all addressed audiences there during the afternoon and evening, and Mrs S. secured several subscribers for her *Pioneer*.

I never saw a country more desolate and dreary than the alkali regions beyond Corinne. The black mountains stand there in striking contrast with the white vallies, which the overflowing of the Lake has covered with salt for miles around. Then comes the land of sage, brush, and silver, watered by a lazy, narrow stream, called the Humbolt. There was such glowing grandeur over the whole face of nature, for twenty-four hours, that I felt the same kind of interest in watching that one does in looking at the face of a very ordinary but intelligent person.

A few Indians and their wigwams here and there were the only signs of life. Stopping, at last, in a small settlement, several Indians, decked and painted, came out to receive us. One young squaw, neatly dressed, her long black hair nicely combed, had her face painted a rich vermillion, with a bright yellow spot on each cheek bone, and a little pappoose laced to a board on her back. Several of the men were painted in the same style, dressed in some cast off finery of our army officers,and blue coats and metal buttons which they wore with evident satisfaction. A squaw over a hundred years old hobbled around begging for money. Altogether, it was a pitiful sight to see these poor Indians at every stopping place asking alms—they who once owned these mountains and plains, these rivers and forests, with no white faces to make them afraid.

In the midst of this sage brush, lo! we stop at Humbolt for dinner.

Here are about ten acres of land in a high state of cultivation; green trees and grass, all kinds of vegetables and small fruits, the result of irrigation, and the taste and industry of one man and woman, Meehan by name. Here is a nice house, too, with a fountain and plot of mountain clover in front. It is neatly furnished, the table exquisitely clean, the viands well cooked. John Chinaman reigns here. The cooks and waiters are all Chinese, dressed in pure white blouzes and stockings, black pants and slippers, their long queues wound around their heads like black crowns.

All that these barren plains need to produce fruits, and trees, and flowers, is irrigation—to have their innumerable mountain springs coaxed down into their valleys.

At four o'clock next morning the conductor summoned us to see Dinner Lake and the Sierra Nevadas as we slowly rose the summit of the mountains. What a change from the barren plains of sand and sage-brush; here the whole landscape was grand and beautiful, covered with living green shrubs, wild flowers, and mighty pines, straight and tall, full a hundred feet high. Through inaccessible heights and dizzy depths we rolled on for hours 'mid the grandest mountain scenery I ever saw, gilded with the full glories of the rising sun. Thus, at the early dawn, and through these mighty portals, we entered the Golden State. After the deserts of Wyoming, Utah, and Nevada, California seems like a garden of beauty and grandeur.

Sunday night we reached San Francisco, with her invigorating sea breezes, her golden gate, and magnificent bay, all glowing with the rosy light of the setting sun. This is a splendid city, like Rome, built on seven hills. Seven miles of macadamized road leading to the Pacific, and drives of any length on her beautiful beach, which I have twice enjoyed. I have beheld, too, her renowned rocks, with their sea-gulls and seals. Sitting in the parlor of the Cliff House, with an opera glass I watched for a long time the gambols of these slimy things. They are as large as a good sized dog; they climb slowly up the rocks where they lie and sun themselves. The servants know them all by name, and introduce the strangers in turn to Stonewall Jackson, Ben Butler, Brigham Young, and George Francis Train, as the most popular among the Honorable seals. We have had grand meetings here. But more about San Francisco in my next.

San Francisco, July, 1871.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

THE WOMAN AWAKENING.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

Here is a greenback in place of the four shining half dollars handed me for THE REVOLUTION, by one of Brigham's church women. Woman is *human* here as in the States, and not a soul but longs to possess control of its own body, as well as hold to it that of the one man soul to which it is sealed in the holy communion of parenthood.

You will see by the enclosed, from the Salt Lake *Tribune* (reform paper), that we have thrown into this polygamic camp the bomb-shell of woman's individual sovereignty, and direct inspiration from the heart of God equally with that of man.

"Mrs. Stanton gave her lecture on maternity, and kindred topics, yesterday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, which was pronounced by some of our friends (ladies), who were present, a very able, argumentative discourse. The speaker did not skim the surface, by any means, but encountered directly those vital questions which lie at the corner-stone of the social edifice. She did not believe in early marriages among her sex. Women have too many children; they should not become mothers oftener than once in five years. Quality rather than quantity is what should be sought in our offspring. One-third of all children born are complete failures, yet society does not comprehend where the evil lies. She did not approve of polygamy, but thought it less censurable than the practice of keeping mistresses by married men, which prevails in many places outside of Utah. True marriage is a union between two, and will not allow of a third person's sharing the affections on either side. There is just as good reason, the speaker thought, for a woman's having a plurality of husbands as a man's having a plurality of wives. If marriages are properly made, and the laws of parentage well understood, diseased and idiotic children would cease to be born. A number of questions were asked the speaker at the close of her lecture by ladies in the congregation, all of which were responded to in a very courteous manner. Miss Anthony made a few remarks, in which she conceived that she had as good a right to receive revelations, direct from God, as John Knox John Wesley, Job Scott, Joseph Smith, or Brigham Young. Revelations which came exclusively to men would never satisfy her. This one sided way of dispensing Divine intelligence would cause her to suspect the existence of fraud."

Your packages of REVOLUTIONS have been received, and were as eagerly clutched by the hungering souls of our Mormon sisters, as they usually are by our sisters in the States. Womanhood, everywhere, seizes upon every hope of the gospel of freedom and equality for her sex.

S. B. ANTHONY.

SALT LAKE CITY, July 1, 1871.

SIGHTS AND SENSATIONS.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

This temporary resting place of mine is one of the pleasantest spots in the land—a lovely hill country, covered with flourishing farms, high and healthful, where, even in this warm weather, the nights are always cool and fresh. I am sorry to say that the nomenclature of this region is hardly in harmony with its beauty. Our post-office address is Salt Point, while on the one side of us is a town called Bangall, and not far off is situate Crumb Elbow. The people here are very wide-awake in all liberal movements, and there is quite a large party in favor of woman suffrage. The favorite reform, however, is peace, and it is proposed to hold a grand peace meeting in September, which will take place in a grove near a pretty lake, accessible from the railroad.

Several little incidents of travel have amused me, and may, perchance, be of interest to you. One evening I was crossing a ferry in a carriage containing, beside myself, a gentleman and two children; near us were two men in a light road-wagon, drawn by a neat-looking trotting horse. Just as the ferry boat was leaving the dock, a steam-tug crossed in front of her bows, and at that moment gave a shrill whistle. This frightened very much the little horse, which pranced and jumped in rather an alarming manner; the contagion of fear spread, and the other horses became uneasy. The man driving the trotter, at this,

fell into a terrible rage, and swore violently at the invisible tug manager, using language of certainly unnecessary force. When the tumult had a little subsided, he appeared to realize this, and be somewhat ashamed of his rudeness, and by way of apology said, "He ought to have known better than make such a noise, frighten everybody, *horses*, and women, and children." I was amused at the rank which my sex occupied in this polite jockey's mind.

Independent women are to be found everywhere, although they may not choose to enroll themselves under the banner of the strong minded. In a town where I have been visiting, there is a lady who, since her husband's death, has carried on his business entirely. It is a large book establishment, and is flourishing in her hands. She, however, repudiates all interest in woman suffrage, and thinks women should remain within "their sphere." Another very fashionable young lady, who resides in the same place, and who also considers political aspirations very "unwomanly," has recently done something which I should be sorry to think "womanly." She has sold her lover for a pony carriage. She had encouraged the attentions of a young army officer to the point of an actual engagement. Her father, a very wealthy man, disapproved of the match solely on account of the gentleman's profession. He urged his daughter to give up the ineligible suitor, and she finally consented if he would give her a pony carriage.

I was much interested in reading Mr. Oliver Johnson's article in the *Golden Age*, on "the woman question." I so fully agree with him that the question of marriage and divorce ought not to be discussed in a woman suffrage meeting. The friends of a change in the existing laws of marriage should have a society of their own, in which to agitate this grave subject, and not embarrass the progress of woman's political enfranchisement by hampering it with the loose views of some reformers. The cause of woman suffrage can only progress by enlisting the sympathy of the best portion of the community, and conservative people are only shocked by the promulgation of what seem, to me and to many others, the very dangerous views held by so-called "free lovers."

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

CLINTON, DUTCHESS CO., N. Y., July 14, 1871.

"MARRIAGE AND WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I am greatly pleased that "A Reader" of THE REVOLUTION has taken up the subject of the rights of woman in her labor as wife, mother, and housekeeper, in connection with the marriage question. This idea has been, more or less, the theme of all that I have written on the woman question.

I have all along foreseen the course the woman movement was taking would inevitably lead to the dissolution of marriage. I have tried to point out this danger, and to give the movement a different direction; but the time had not come for such a change.

The woman movement, in the past, has taken its shape and course in obedience to the necessity that has been forced upon so many women to earn their living in the same fields and avenues of labor as men, or starve, or sink into infamy. It was started, and has thus far been carried on under pressure of the necessity of woman's condition. As the condition was a false one, so has been the course of the movement; both of which must and will be changed. The leaders of the movement have been in no way responsible or censurable for its course; but the time is not far distant when it must and will take a different direction.

"A Reader" is right in his idea that the present erroneous position of the movement, with regard to marriage, does not lie in the principles of the woman's rights cause, nor yet in the permancy of marriage, but in the unequal relation of marriage—an idea that was embodied in the remarks on the "Bill of Rights for Women," published in THE REVOLUTION some time ago.

We need not fear the result of the woman's movement. It does not "logically and necessarily overthrow the institution of marriage," though I am well aware that such is the present threatening aspect. In the future this movement must and will take a course that will place the monogamic marriage on a foundation as firm as eternal justice; a course that cannot be fully carried out without the co-operation of other great reforms now in progress—reforms that will give justice to men as well as to women.

I have written a lecture entitled "The Future of Woman," indicating the true course of the woman movement; but the time has not yet come to bring it before the public.

An article, pointing in the same direction, entitled "The Rights of Woman as a Laborer," has just been published in the *People's Weekly*, a social and political reform paper recently issued from Chicago.

MRS. GOODRICH WILLARD.

MISTAKEN CHARITY.

CONCORD, CT., July 20, 1871.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

In taking a ride last autumn through a part of New Jersey not far from New York, in company with a lady of wealth and high position, I observed that she ordered the driver to stop at almost every farm-house and purchase dried fruits and berries. Surprised at the quantity she bought, I asked: "Are you so fond of these things?" "Oh no," she replied, "I never touch them; but these women never have a cent of money to buy little luxuries for themselves and children, except what they get from the sale of these things; and I always feel in duty bound to do what I can for them."

Now this lady, who might do so much for our cause, would shudder at the idea of stepping forward as an advocate for woman's rights. In church matters, in missionary work, and efforts for seamen, her truly benevolent nature will not suffer her conscience to rest with the gift of a few dollars. She devotes her time and personal influence to these objects, and offers up her earnest prayers for them. For the women of India she feels the deepest interest; but the pauper women of New Jersey she leaves to the tender mercies of their well-to-do farmer husbands, without a word of remonstrance for the cause of their poverty.

No missionary work, no Church affairs, no efforts for seamen, can be of so much importance to the world at large as the elevation from this slavery of poverty and dependence of the mothers of our future citizens. What advantages of culture, religious or secular, have these women, and what can they really do for their children? Doubtless there are among them those who have so far retained their self respect as to feel their unjust and humiliating position; some who have aspirations heaven-born and heaven-winged. Oh! what repinings, what heart-burnings must be theirs—these paupers in the midst of plenty—who see no way out of the beaten track of unceasing, unpaid toil, but the portals of the grave! Can we clear our skirts of responsibility for their wrong by giving them a few physical comforts, and then pass by on the other side, crying, "We have all the rights we want?"

C. D. G. P.

Miscellany.

AN ENGLISH ELECTION.

A remarkable event occurred recently in England, which does not seem to have attracted the attention of our usually Argus-eyed journalists. In the primitive colliery town of Bilston, an election took place without politicians, and where the hustings were unadorned by the traditional Whig yellow and Tory blue. It appears that the rectorship of the village church is "in the gift" of the parishioners; and when it happens—as at some time or other it must—that the rector dies, the parish is called on *en masse* to choose his successor. Now by "the parish" is not only meant the congregation, or flock of the church, as with us, but the term includes all the inhabitants, of whatever religious faith, or no faith, residing within certain geographical limits. It is a political and geographical, rather than an ecclesiastical term. The theory of Church allied to State is, that it comprises the whole nation ecclesiastically organized; so that all the inhabitants are, by a fiction of law, members of the State Church. The election as Bilston, therefore, was worthy of note, for two reasons: because it was conducted just as English political elections are conducted; and because, by the rule of household suffrage, Roman Catholics, Dissenters, and Jews, and, for that matter, people unconscious of any "persuasion" whatever, were found voting an incumbent for life into a Church of England "cure of souls." The scenes at the election had all the indecorous vivacity which traditionally marks the choice of the undaunted Briton of knights and burgesses to Parliament. There were crowds, unlimited beer, chaffing, rioting, and brickbat throwing; cabs were hid behind enormous placards which bore the names of the rival clergymen, and conveyed infirm but zealous partisans to the polling-booths; voters were hustled out of the cabt and assaulted; bands of amazons seized on luckless wights who bore hostile colors, and and proved that, if they could not be voters, they would at least filch the right from others; reverend candidates were burned in effigy; groups of excited partisans, armed with sticks, paraded the town, with colliery-girls and Irish boys at their heels, and let forth their wrath by smashing windows."—*Appleton's Journal.*

—"Certain flowers grow near as deep as trees."—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

—Owing to the scarcity of farm help in Wisconsin, women have gone into the harvest fields in great numbers to assist in gathering the crops. It is said that more than 2000 are thus employed. A great many are similarly engaged in this State. At Rondout many of the farmers send their wagons in for them in the early morning, but many of them march out to the near-by fields, returning in the evening. One of the prettiest girls we ever saw was on the top of a load of hay. Who shall say that the young woman who is able and willing to labor in this way is not superior to a mere walking and talking doll, and ought not to have the ballot?

Book Table.

MARIE'S MISTAKE. A Woman's History, by "Creole." Boston: Pratt Brothers.

The writer of this novel is a lady journalist, belonging to New Orleans, who sends forth her articles under a variety of names. The book in question purports to give the life of a young girl, who is drawn into the fatal error of marrying a bad man, and the trials and sufferings consequent. The scene is laid wholly in the South, mainly in New Orleans, which fact probably gives it a local interest of some value to the reputation of the writer.

Special Notices.

AN EXCELLENT ARTICLE.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is an excellent article for all diseases of children. It relieves the child from pain, regulates the stomach and bowels, and, by giving health to the child, comforts and rests the mother. During the process of teething its value is inestimable; cures wind colic and griping in the bowels.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT OF BUCHU.—It can be neither doubted nor disputed, nor is there the least chance for an argument, when we assert that of all proprietary medicines, the one known above is decidedly the best and most popular. For diseases of the kidneys and kindred organs, Helmbold's Buchu stands second to none; even druggists in our own town admit its superiority, while it is known that many regular physicians in the Western as well as the Eastern cities, are freely recommending it. Dr. Helmbold freely advertises its ingredients, and those using it can be satisfied that they are taking nothing that will injure them. The advertisement can be found in another column, while the medicine is on sale at our drug stores.—*Detroit Free Press.*

TWENTY times a day at least, in every street of every populous city in the universe, the question, "What is the best thing for a cough?" is reiterated. The true answer to all these queries consists of six words—Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. When all other preparations fail this accomplishes a swift—a perfect cure. But deal with the cough while it is merely a cough; don't wait till the lungs are honeycombed. Up to that point the article is a specific; beyond it only a palliative. For sale by the entire drug trade at 50 cents and $1. Great saving by purchasing large size.

NEW YORK, April 18th, 1871.

COLBY BROS. & CO.

My experience in selling and using the Colby Wringer, is increasing my confidence in it. Everybody likes it. Sold eleven in a day, and can sell more in future. *It has no equal*, and everybody who tries it says so. I have no hesitation in saying I sincerely believe that I can sell twice the number of your Wringer than any other in the market.

I want more right away.

N. H. DUMOND.

MADAME DE WALD, GENERAL AGENT FOR the Merchant's Life Insurance Company, of New York, No. 129 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

MERCHANTS' GARGLING OIL HAS BECOME one of the most popular liniments that is now prepared. It is, beyond a doubt, the best liniment in the world for the diseases advertised. Its use has not only become general in every State of the Union, but large quantities of this valuable preparation are annually sent to foreign countries.

HE DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE IS ONE of the marvels of science. Perfection in all its work, not liable to get out of order, simple and inexpensive, it deserves to rank first in this useful class of machinery. It has all the latest improvements, besides some novelties, for a list of which we refer to the advertisement in another column.

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The whole world challenged to produce a Family Sewing Machine that will sew as *light* and as *heavy*; light running and easily operated. The best machine for use, the easiest to sell, the most durable—will last a life time.

Lock stitch, noiseless, attachments unequalled. A good business may be established in any city or town in the U. S. This machine has established its superiority in every instance where it has come in competition with any machine in the market. Men with capital are finding it to their advantage to make the sale of this machine their exclusive business. *Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.* Machines guaranteed as represented.

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HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA
Cures all Eruptions of the Skin.
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Cures the worst form of Blood Diseases.
HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA
Enters heavily into the Circulation of the Blood.
HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA
Beautifies the Complexion.

All Powders and outward applications destroy the skin, rendering it harsh and coarse.

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One bottle is equal in strength to one gallon of the Syrups or Decoctions as usually made; and a wine glass added to a pint of water equals the celebrated

LISBON DIET DRINK. TRY IT THIS WAY.
A DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE.

HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS,
A pleasant, safe and agreeable cathartic.
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS,
Used in all affections where a purgative medicine is needed.
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS,
Harmless to a child and taken by children.
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS,
Supersedes Magnesia, Salts and every other purgative.
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS,
Certain in effect and pleasant in operation.
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILL
is not a patented pill.
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS
Are composed of Catawba Grape Juice and Fluid Extract Rhubarb.

How to proceed in the
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to insure new life, new blood, new vigor:
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No better investment can be made for so small a sum.

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All of my preparations are meritorious. A period of twenty years has proved this to be the case.

See remarks made by Benjamin Travers, F. R. C. S. Speaking of those diseases, and diseases arising from the excess of mercury, he states that no remedy is equal to the Extract of Sarsaparilla; its power is extraordinary, more so than any other drug I am acquainted with. It is, in the strictest sense, a tonic, with this invaluable attribute, that it is applicable to a state of the system so sunken, and yet so irritable as renders other substances of the tonic class unavailable or injurious.

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H. T. HELMBOLD, Esteemed Friend: I congratulate you on having the handsomest, and, at the same time, the MOST EFFECTIVE PILL that I have ever known for the purposes intended.

WM. R. WARNER & CO.

H. T. HELMBOLD will remark in conclusion that his Remedies are the result of long and careful study. The Fluid Extracts have been before the public twenty years; the sale of them in that time proves their value. All have been benefited by them who followed my instructions, and to day they stand UNEQUALED in the extent of their sale and UNSURPASSED by any Medicament in the Dispensatory of the United States, not excepting a single HERB, ROOT, PLANT, or scientific preparation.

Pharmaceutical I claim all mine to be and have never patented a single one.

ALL STAND ON THEIR MERITS.

The Pill I have thought of offering to the afflicted for ten years.

They are now perfect, and I shall stake my time, money and fame on their effectiveness. The inviting style in which the Pill itself is made, the bottle, label, wrapper—all show with what care they have been prepared. After examination, no English or French preparation will show greater care, and I am really proud of them.

Instead of the nauseous-looking, carelessly-prepared Pills vended generally and put up in wooden boxes, and made generally or offered by those having no experience as physicians, druggists or manufacturers of medicines. Test the medicine offered by your obedient servant,

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Crystal Palace Drug Store, 594 Broadway, New York. Palace Pharmacy, Gilsey House, Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street, New York, Temple of Pharmacy, Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, and No. 104 South Tenth street, Philadelphia.

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REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.

THE

HOUSEHOLD PANACEA

AND

Family Liniment,

Is the best Remedy in the World for the following complaints, viz.:

Cramp in the Limbs and Stomach,
Pain in the Stomach, Bowels, or Side,
Rheumatism in all its forms,

Neuralgia,	Bilious Colic,
Dysentery,	Cholera,
Fresh Wounds,	Colds,
Tooth Ache,	Chapped Hands,
Sore Throat,	Burns,
Sprains and Bruises,	Spinal Compl'nts

Chills and Fever.

PURELY VEGETABLE AND ALL-HEALING.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

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The HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT will extract the fire from a burn immediately, and remove all pain and soreness. Also a sure cure for Dysentery and Summer Complaints, giving immediate relief.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.

In all cases of *Pain* in the *Side, Stomach, Back or Bowels, Dysentery and Summer Complaints*, it should be taken internally, as follows:

To a tumbler half full of water, put a table-spoonful or more of sugar, add to it a tea-spoonful of the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT, mix them well together, and drink it.

In all cases of *Sore Throat*, either from *Cold, Bronchitis*, or any other cause, prepare the mixture as above, and take a teaspoonful or two every hour or two through the day.

For *Rheumatic Affections* in the *Limbs, Stomach or Back, Spinal Diseases, Stitches in the Back or Side*, make a thorough external application with the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT, in its full strength, rubbing it in well.

For *Tooth Ache*, wet a piece of cotton and put it to the tooth.

For a *Cough and Pain in the Side*, bathe the side and stomach well, and lay on a piece of dry cotton wadding or batting to the parts affected, which will produce a little irritation, and remove the difficulty to the skin and carry it off.

For *Ague* make a like application to the face. It is best, at all times, when making an external application, to take some of the above mixture internally; it quickens the blood, and invigorates the system.

For *Burns or Scalds*, put it on its full strength, immediately after the accident.

For *Cuts*, wrap up the wound in the blood, and wet the bandage thoroughly with the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT.

For *Chills and Fever* it is a certain and *sure cure*. Should be used freely externally, about the chest, and take internally at the same time. It quickens the blood and invigorates the whole system. No mistake about it.

☞ PRICE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

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SOOTHING SYRUP,

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

greatly facilitates the process of teething by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and

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We have put up and sold this article for years, and CAN SAY IN CONFIDENCE AND TRUTH of it what we have never been able to say of any other medicine—NEVER HAS IT FAILED IN A SINGLE INSTANCE TO EFFECT A CURE, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it; on the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "WHAT WE DO KNOW," after years of experience, AND PLEDGE OUR REPUTATION FOR THE FULFILMENT OF WHAT WE HERE DECLARE. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation has been used with NEVER FAILING SUCCESS in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS, AND WIND COLIC.

We believe it the *best and surest remedy in the world*, in all cases of DYSENTERY AND DIARRHŒA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the foregoing complaints—*Do not let your prejudices, nor the prejudices of others* stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be SURE—yes, ABSOLUTELY SURE—to follow the use of this medicine if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the *fac simile* of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

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A Useful, Easy and Lucrative Employment for All, Old and Young, Male and Female.

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Much sickness undoubtedly with children and adults, attributed to other causes, is occasioned by worms. The "Vermifuge Comfits," although effectual in destroying worms, can do no possible injury to the most delicate child. This valuable combination has been successfully used by physicians, and found to be safe and sure in eradicating worms, so hurtful to children.

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DIRECTIONS.—*Take each time,*

ONE Lozenge for children	from	1	to	2	years.
TWO "	"	2	to	4	"
THREE "	"	4	to	6	"
FOUR "	"	over 6			"

SIX Lozenges for adults.

To be taken in the morning before breakfast, and at night (bed time) for four or five days.

Commence again in a week, and give as before, if symptoms of worms are again observed.

JEREMIAH CURTIS & SONS, New York,
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All orders should be addressed to

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Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For the relief and cure of all derangements in the stomach, liver, and bowels. They are a mild aperient, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no mercury or mineral whatever. Much serious sickness and suffering is prevented by their timely use; and every family should have them on hand for their protection and relief, when required. Long experience has proved them to be the safest, surest, and best of all the *Pills* with which the market abounds. By their occasional use, the blood is purified, the corruptions of the system expelled, obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged and sluggish are cleansed by *Ayer's Pills*, and stimulated into action. Thus incipient disease is changed into health, the value of which change, when reckoned on the vast multitudes who enjoy it, can hardly be computed. Their sugar coating makes them pleasant to take, and preserves their virtues unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although searching, they are mild, and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or diet, or occupation.

Full directions are given on the wrapper to each box, how to use them as a Family Physic, and for the following complaints, which these *Pills* rapidly cure:—

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For **Dysentery** or **Diarrhœa**, but one mild dose is generally required.

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For **Dropsy** and **Dropsical Swellings**, they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

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As a *Dinner Pill*, take one or two *Pills* to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these *Pills* makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

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Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists,

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GYPSIES, ROUND, RUSTIC and SHADE HATS a Speciality. STRAW HATS made to match suits in any shape desired. FINE FEATHERS, FRENCH FLOWERS, RIBBONS, GROSS GRAIN SILKS and VELVETS ON BIAS, &c., &c.

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Use that old and well-tried remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,

Which greatly facilitates the process, and is sure to regulate the bowels. It relieves the child from pain-corrects acidity and wind colic, and by giving the infant quiet, natural sleep, gives rest to the mother.

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For Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Is pleasant to take.

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Is perfectly safe.

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Soothes the Child.

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Gives rest to the Child.

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Gives rest to the Mother.

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(*Y Drych.*)

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Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation; which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard; and it is the only reliable and perfected preparation for restoring GRAY OR FADED HAIR to its youthful color, making it soft, lustrous, and silken. The scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean. It removes all eruptions and dandruff, and, by its tonic properties, prevents the hair from falling out, as it stimulates and nourishes the hair-glands. By its use, the hair grows thicker and stronger. In baldness, it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, and will create a new growth, except in extreme old age. It is the most economical HAIR DRESSING ever used, as it requires fewer applications, and gives the hair a splendid, glossy appearance. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.

Price One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye
FOR THE WHISKERS.

As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded Whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in *one preparation*; which will quickly and effectually accomplish this result. It is easily applied, and produces a color which will neither rub nor wash off. Sold by all Druggists. Price Fifty Cents.

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250 and 252 FULTON STREET.

Special attention paid to the furnishing of
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NATURAL FLOWERS.
BRIDE'S CAKE HANDSOMELY ORNAMENTED.
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ICE CREAM AND ICES in Fancy or Plain Forms, with the different flavors.
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The largest stock of
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GLASS, and
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Has a beautiful and desirable stock to select from for family use. Call and examine.

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For sale by the author at 25c.

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We open on
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The first portion of our Spring importations of
FRENCH RIBBONS,
In all the desirable Millinery and Sash widths, comprising the richest qualities in
FAILLE, TAFFETA,
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AND TARTANS.
In all the various clans.

We have also in port, and will exhibit in a few days, a magnificent collection of the finest Coventry make of
BROCHE TARTANS,
After the new original designs of
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These goods are exactly the same as have been prepared for a leading London house, for the Court trade of the approaching season, and special attention is therefore invited.

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We have purchased, for cash, of the Nottingham Manufacturing Co. (limited), five cases of
ENGLISH HOSIERY,
on the bases of 63 cents on the dollar, which we shall offer for sale on
MONDAY NEXT,
THE 6TH INST., 6TH INST., 6TH INST.

They comprise 165 dozen
CHILDREN'S FULL REGULAR WHITE COTTON HOSE, AT 25 CTS. PER PAIR.
144 dozen LADIES' GENUINE IRON-FRAME HOSE, At 25 cts. per pair.
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ALSO,
303 pieces BLACK GUIPIRE LACE, in five different patterns, at 90 cts. per yard.

We invite special attention to the above article, as we guarantee that the above announcement of their purchase at 63 cents on the dollar is entirely correct.

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We offer a rich
FRENCH TWIST FRINGE
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